

The Others by FluffyHoodie

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Genre: Other Additional Tags to Be Added

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Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper

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Summary:

Eleven asked her question again. “What happened to the others?”

Hopper hummed. “Which others? You gotta remember kid, I’m not inside your head.”

Eleven blinked, the way she did when she was learning something. She thought for a moment, searching for the words. “One, two, three, four...”

The Others

Author's Note:

Hello! Welcome. I hope you enjoy :)

The feeling when you set a convention, and then forget to follow it, literally within the same chapter... Anyway, the flashback at the end is italicised now...

Also, comments, criticism, encouragements, etc. all welcome :)

Sunday, November 13, 1983

Doctor Brenner sat in total silence, the scribbling of his pen the only sound in the room.

On the 6th of November 1983, Test Subject 011 was killed as a result of a malfunction in her breathing apparatus while undergoing testing in the sensory deprivation tank.

Brenner continued writing, filling out the form with suitably grizzly details. Brenner's grim appearance matched that of the room he sat in. He wore a professional grey suit, white shirt, and black tie. The room around him was white, and smelled slightly of antiseptic. No windows broke the monotony. The desk was a bland wood, and was bare except for a few writing implements, and an in/out tray. A quiet knock broke Brenner's concentration. "What is it?" He spoke softly, but with great authority.

The door opened, and a nervous young man wearing a white lab coat stepped in. In his hands, he clasped a length of corrugated piping, and a small machine that may have been a pump. "I fixed it like you said boss —"

"Do you know what this is?" Brenner flicked up the corner of the form he had been filling out. The young man stammered nervously. "No sir."

Brenner sighed. "This is the report that I am writing, based on the report that you will write, based on your investigation into that piece of equipment."

The young man looked around, confused. "But boss, I haven't written a report. And no need to investigate, I just did what you asked."

Brenner's eyes narrowed slightly. "Son, do you understand what would happen to you if the President were to walk into this office right now?"

The young man shook his head.

"He would see you holding equipment that you have tampered with, and that I have declared as the cause of the death of a test subject." He raised the form again to punctuate his point. "Do you understand what the ramifications of that would be?"

The young man was frozen, eyes wide.

"The President was looking forward to being briefed on the movements of the Soviet government tomorrow. And every day until the end of the war. He will not be pleased to find that a disgruntled engineer with ties to the Soviets has sabotaged the greatest intelligence operation this nation has ever seen."

The young man stammered in protest. "But I don't... I didn't—"

"Then complete an investigation, and write me a report to prove it."

The man turned to leave hurriedly.

"Livingston, wasn't it?"

Livingston paused in the doorway. "Yes, sir?"

"Don't you ever bring anything to my office ever again, do you understand?"

Livingston nodded, his eyes wide. "Yes sir. I'll have that report on your desk right away sir." He stumbled out of the office and left the door swinging. Brenner blinked and the door slowly came to a stop. He glared at the door with intense concentration, and slowly, very slowly, the door swung back, and shut. Brenner pulled a handkerchief from a pocket inside his jacket. He wiped his nose then continued to write.

... During the incident, Test Subject Eleven appears to have utilised

her powers to attempt to escape. She fractured the wall of the bunker. Worth noting is that the room was designed to survive a nuclear fallout. The fracture in the wall glowed orange and purple, and appeared to be filled with gelatinous fibre. This fracture, henceforth referred to as ‘the anomaly’ was the source of a number of other incidents detailed below...

Wednesday, September 25, 1985

“What happened to the others?”

Hopper almost choked on the sip of coffee he had just taken. “Jesus, kid, some people say ‘good morning’” Eleven frowned, annoyed that she had forgotten to be polite.

“Good morning. What happened to the others?”

Hopper sighed. He struggled out of the couch, and ambled over to the kitchen. Eleven rotated in place as he walked past her, and then followed a few paces behind.

“First things first, kid.” Hopper opened the fridge, and pulled a few items out. First, he held up an egg. “What is this?”

“Eggo.” Hopper tried desperately not to smile. “No. Wait.” Eleven furrowed her brow in concentration, searching her memory. Her eyes lit up when she remembered, and Hopper smiled genuinely. “Egg.”

“Right, egg. And what do we do with eggs?” Hopper pulled a bowl from the counter, and handed the egg to Eleven. She tapped the egg against the side of the bowl. The first tap was too gentle, and Eleven frowned. She slammed the egg into the bowl and the egg shattered, splattering over both her and Hopper. The bowl skidded across the counter, and fell to the floor with a crash. Eleven’s eyes widened in horror, and her heart raced. She stepped away from the counter, breathing hard. Her eyes glazed over, and for a moment she saw the bodies of the first men she had killed crash to the floor.

“Hey, Kid. Jane. Hey, it’s okay.” Hopper’s voice broke through her

trance, and her eyes focused on his face. His face was scrunched in that way that she had learned meant that what had happened was not good, but he was not angry at her. Her breathing returned to normal. Hopper grabbed a dishcloth from the sink. "You're stronger than you realise."

Eleven took the dishcloth and wiped the mess off herself, and then the counter and the floor. As she gathered up the pieces of eggshell, she said "Break."

Hopper frowned, confused. "What's that?"

Eleven rinsed the dishcloth, tentatively turning the taps, as if afraid she would break those too. "What we do with eggs. Break."

Hopper smiled. "Right." He handed her another egg, and demonstrated how to hold the egg and the bowl just so, and how to start gentle and slowly get stronger until the egg cracked just right.

They continued this way until breakfast was made, Hopper quizzing Eleven on words, and helping her do as much as possible for herself. It wasn't until they were sat at the table, eating slightly burned scrambled eggs that Eleven asked her question again. "What happened to the others?"

Hopper hummed. "Which others? You gotta remember kid, I'm not inside your head."

Eleven blinked, the way she did when she was learning something. She thought for a moment, searching for the words. "One, two, three, four..."

Hopper frowned, thinking. Eleven's vocabulary was limited, so she often lacked the words to describe what she was thinking or feeling. Often when she answered a question it seemed as though the comment was unrelated, but Hopper knew by now that she was doing her best to work with what she had.

"... nine, ten, *Eleven*. " As she finished counting, she pulled up her sleeve and pointed to her tattoo. Realisation flooded Hopper. He had wondered himself what had happened to all the others. The few

times he had been down in the restricted parts of Hawkins Lab, he hadn't seen any sign of any other children. There had been a few rooms with beds, but the only sign of them having been lived in was the drawing in the room that had later turned out to have been Eleven's.

"I don't know, Kid. I wish I did. I hate to think about what might be happening to them."

Eleven's eyes dropped, defeated. Hopper hated seeing her like this. This wasn't the first question he hadn't been able to answer, or chose not to answer. Luckily, she had yet to be able to discern which was which. "Hey, Jane. That was great counting. You been watching the classes we told you about?"

Although Eleven was not allowed to go to school, her friends had come up with a novel solution. Jonathon had taken pictures of all the teachers at Hawkins Middle, ostensibly for the yearbook. He gave these pictures to Eleven. From those, she was able to see them, in the void. In this way, she could attend classes without being present.

Eleven couldn't use her powers in this way for more than one lesson at a time, though she had been getting stronger as she practiced. She also didn't understand a lot of what was said. So Eleven mostly just kept watch over her friends. As her powers had grown, she became able to not only hear and see her target, but also sights and sounds in their immediate vicinity. Watching over Mike, Eleven could usually hear and see Will, Dustin and Lucas clearly. She liked watching them, and from seeing them talk amongst themselves and with others, she was learning more about how to have conversations.

Eleven nodded, and scooped another fork of scrambled eggs into her mouth. Hopper ate a mouthful himself, an idea forming in his head. "Hey, uhh. Do you remember when you closed the gate, on the way, we ran into a doctor? I patched his leg up."

Eleven looked up from her plate, and nodded.

"Yeah? Well, he's been wanting to meet you properly. He might know about the others."

Eleven put down her fork, and stared right at Hopper.

“Bad man.” She whispered under her breath. Hopper shook his head, breaking contact with the intense gaze coming from Eleven.

“He helped with Will, last year. And he fixed it so that you could live with me properly. He’s a good guy.” Eleven remained silent. “He doesn’t work for the bad men anymore.” Eleven continued to eat her scrambled eggs. Hopper sighed. “Just think about it.”

The pair finished their breakfast in silence, and Eleven washed the dishes, putting way too much detergent in the sink. Hopper was just about to leave for work when he heard a small voice behind him.

“Okay.”

Hopper turned, and Eleven was standing, looking at her tattoo. “I’ll meet him.”

Wednesday, April 7, 1976

Bright lights glared down onto a pair of boys sitting behind a desk. They wore identical white hospital gowns adorned with patches of blue. One boy sat in a wheelchair, poking tentatively at the “003” recently tattooed on his wrist. The other boy wore dark sunglasses. He had a matching tattoo, though his read “004.”

Dr Brenner Sat opposite the boys. He pushed a photo of a man in front of the boy labelled Three. “Find him. Tell me what he says.”

Three nodded, and looked at his brother. Four gripped the hand of Three, squeezing tightly. Three gasped, and breathed heavily. Four breathed slowly and deeply, as though in a trance. Three looked around the room, eyes wild. Suddenly, Four twitched, and Three froze in place, locked by an unseen force. His eyes snapped to the photo of the man.

“He... He’s close. I...” Both boys spoke together, exactly in sync. A speaker in a corner of the room crackled and came to life. Words emanated from it amid a wash of static. Brenner frowned. He had high

hopes for this pair, and this was not meeting his expectations.

The man standing behind the camera coughed, and spoke. "Doctor Brenner? Take a look at this." Irritated, Dr Brenner stood, and walked behind the camera. A small, grainy monitor was hooked up to the camera. The camera was pointed straight at the twins seated at the desk, but the monitor showed a different picture. On the monitor was a man seated at a desk, surrounded by blackness. He appeared to be reading from a list of words.

Dr Brenner looked at the camera technician. "What's happening?" The image on the monitor wavered. "Keep going." He demanded. The image cleared, and held steady. The technician pulled cables from the back of the monitor, but the image remained.

"It's not coming from the other room." He pointed to the speakers. "Same as the others, but, with TV as well?"

Dr Brenner nodded. "So it would seem."

Author's Note:

You made it, congratulations. For those of you who are interested, I am looking for a beta (and for friends?). Find me on Tumblr, my username is vestandbowtie.